THE HOME JOURNAL.

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COME IN BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh, come to me oft,
When the white wings of sleep
On my bosom lie soft.
Oh! come when the sea,
In the moon's gentle light,
Beats soft on the air,
Like the pulse of the night;
When the sky and the wave
Wear their loftiest blue,
When the dew's on the flower
And the star's on the dew.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and we'll stray
Where the whole year is covered
With the blossoms of May—
Where each sound is sweet
As the coo of the dove,
And the gales are as soft
As the breathings of love;
Where the beams kiss the waves,
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our warm lips may catch
The sweet lessons they teach.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and we'll fly
Like two winged spirits
Of love through the sky:
With hand clasped in hand
On our dream wings we'll go
Where the starlight and moonlight
Are blending their glow;
And on the bright clouds we'll linger,
Of purple and gold,
Till the angels shall envy
The bliss they behold.

The Yeller Dog.

Dogs have infested this world just az long az man haz, and will hang around az long az there iz enny grizzle left on a bone.

We have no reliable ackount ov the fust dog, and probably shant have of the final one.

If Adam kept a tarrier, or Eve a poodle, the laps ov ages hav washed away the fakt.

If Noah had a pair ov each breed ov dogs on board of his vessell, and only one pair ov fleas, he was well out for dogs, and poor out for fleas. History iz dumb on this subject.

The yeller dog has no pedigree, the blood in hiz veins iz az crude az petroleum when it fust comes pumping out ov the earth, bitter, thick, and fiery.

He iz long, and lazily put together, hiz ears flop when he shakes along the dusty thoroughfare, and hiz tail iz a burden.

There iz no animashun in a yeller dog's tail, it iz useless, the flies ain't even afraid ov it, it iz wuss than a 10 per cent. mortgage tew the rest ov hiz body.

Whi the yeller dog ain't bern diskounted iz a mistery tew me, but when I ask myself "Whare would you hitch the tin pan tew?" then at once the folly ov a bob-tailed yeller dog flashes on mi mind.

Ever since this kontinent was found bi Christopher Kolumbus, in 1492, and, for what I kno, much time previous tew that, the yeller dog haz been a vagrant, traveling by moon-lite, and hungry bi natur.

Whare he comes from nobody seems to kno, and if you speak a kind word tew him he thinks it a kite in disguise, and stradling hiz tail with both hind legs, he goes suspicious and sideways on his lonsum jurney.

Mankind hav made him a vagabond, and life tu him iz made up ov starvashun and brickbats.

If he cums out ov hiz lurking place in the hot of August, he iz a *mad dog*, and the Common Council at once assemble, the riot act iz read, 50 dollars reward iz offered, men cum panting in to town, crieing "*mad dog*," thare two horse wagon was bit that morning bi a yeller dog, the fury rages, old guns are cleaned up, the cannon iz run out on the village green, dames talk to dames ov the awful event, men look sober and defiant, boys pocket their marbles in the midst of a game, pigs run squalling tew their bovels, and the whole body politic surges with horror.

The poor innocent whelp haz done z worst, and while a whole villege in extacys ov hydrophobia, he haz assed on, and may be seen tugging way, in the surburbs, at the shin one ov a departed omnibus hoss.—*Josh Billings.*

Help to Next Winter's Cattle Foood.

Every acre of ground cleared of oats, wheat, or any other crop harvested so that it can be plowed and cultivated in July can be made to help through the winter. Some artificial manure on the ground put in close to the seed in rows or in contiguity any way, would bring a good crop of turnips after the soil had been thoroughly cultivated, which might be kept in cellars or otherwise, to hold out till spring. Rape sown immediately after the harvesting of grain, will produce a heavy mass of food which sheep, young cattle, &c., could feed on late in the autumn, and would thus save feeding with hay or fodder so soon, and this would seem to shorten the winter very much. Rape is grown extensively in Canada. Those who have a prejudice against turnips, rape, and all green food for winter, can sow or drill corn thick, and if they put plenty of manure they may save a great deal of very valuable fodder, which probably may be worth more per acre than any of their hay crops. Doubtless there is land enough which will be doing nothing till next spring to grow fodder, turnips, rape or other food, to support halt the animals in the United States, and the land would really be benefitted in the cultivation and growth of the intervening crop. Let any one reading this statement, look round at his neighbor's fields, where he will see hay that ought to have been put in the barns a month ago; oxen and horses lying still which might have plowed and got ready the fields for planting with the aforesaid crops, and every third arable field he passes will be covered with weeds grown among the stubble of the preceding years and abstract more than a corn crop or any other second planting would do.—*Country Gentleman.*

It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. If you are angry with a man or hate him, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words; but so to love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words—that is friendship. But few have such friends. Our enemies usually teach us what we are at the sword.—Beecher.

To Plane Cross-Grained Timber.—Keep the plane bit sharp, and set the cap down very near the edge.—Shove the plane inclined side-ways a little.

EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.

"And so you are going to get spliced, old boy?" said I.

"Yes," said Lancelot,—only "yes;" but what a *yes!*—with such a light in his old brown eyes, and gripping my hand in his big paw till I winced; but I suppressed any outward demonstration, and asked, "How did it all come to pass?"

"Well I'll tell you," replied Lancelot. "I don't suppose you know anything about it, as you've been wandering about in the South Pacific such a dence of a while. To think of my last letter reaching you here in London after all! The postal arrangements down south don't seem very perfect."

"Ah, well," said I, "you see I was never a month at any one place, and I seem to have had a wonderful talent for always sailing the day before the arrival of the mails."

"Well never mind," said Lancelot, "I'll begin at the very beginning, and tell you how I first come to know Madgie Tudor," whereupon he started into the fire for some five minutes without speaking, and then remarked, in a totally unexcepted and rather a aggravating manner, considering his subject was to have been a lady, "What a beast that Littleby Lupus is!"

"What's that got to do with Miss Tudor?" quoth I, rather aggrieved.

"Why, everything, my dear boy; everything!" replied Lancelot. "I always did hate Littleby Lupus from the very first moment I saw the cur at a Dane Marsden's. It was one morning in the January of last year. The fleet was at Buckleigh Gorse, and old Daine Marsden always keeps open table for all who like to breakfast there when the meet is anywhere in the Marsden Priory direction. Gilfillan and I rode over from Gilfillan House, and precious hungry we were by the time we got there.

"At breakfast, this Mr. Littleby Lupus sat opposite me. I thought him a beast at once, for he sported a lot of jewelry, and had a whole bundle of lockets, seals, and things fastened to a big Albert chain, displayed most prominently. After breakfast we were having a cigar on the terrace, and looking at the nags, when up comes the snob: 'Mr. Lancelot Lanceston, I believe?' I bowed and looked confounded disagreeable. I'm sure, but he was not to be daunted.

"My father knew yours, sir—boys at school together—his great wish we should become friends—knew we should from the first moment I saw you—am never mistaken in my first impressions about people—like you awfully. Whereupon he shook my hands violently with me and chuckled idiotically, and again expressed his opinion that I was born to be his bosom friend,—confound his impudence.

"Of Lupus *pere* I knew nothing personally, but remember having heard that he made a fortune by soap-boiling, and had left his son very well off; Lupus *fils's* anxiety to make my acquaintance I could easily account for; his ambition soared above the society of soap-boilers, *et hoc genus omne* and no doubt he imagined I could give him a lift in the social scale, or at any rate render more secure the footing he had already gained. Do what I would, he stuck to me all the day, there was no shaking him off. I believe he really took a fancy to me, for thenceforth I found it impossible to get rid of him. He used to come to my rooms at all hours of the day, and night too, with an assumption of familiarity and good fellow ship which bored and disgusted me beyond measure. He was as vain as any woman, thought himself, with his what he calls 'auburn' hair and whiskers, little green eyes, insipid physiognomy and insignificant figure, a perfect what's-his-name?—Adonis—and he used to scent himself till his presence made you feel like going to a perfumer's shop. Besides all this, my *bete noire* had a fashion for jewelry; he was worse than any woman for that, and may be still, for aught I know. He used to bring me his jewel-case every time he made a new purchase, and insist on my admiring each article till I knew all his seals and trumpery as well as—as I know my grandmother!"

"But why, in the name of all the martyrs, did you let him bore you so!" I interrupted with considerable amazement—which, however, a little thought over Lancelot's character would have sensibly diminished.

"Well, you see," said he looking vaguely disconcerned—"you see the fellow really liked me after his fashion, and it was less trouble on the whole to endure him than to quarrel with him; the fellow would have been such a time learning to understand that I didn't desire his company, that I concluded to let him be.

"Well, things had gone on like this since we both returned to London after the hunting, and when the town was beginning to empty, I went down to stay with the Evelyns at Tynywtra. Rejoicing as I did in the expectation of getting rid of my tormenter, my countenance fell considerably, as you may conceive, when, on hearing my intentions, he exclaimed, 'By Jove, I've friends in that part of the country too!' However I brightened up again when he proceeded to remark, 'But I'm going north, unfortunately, so I'm sorry to say we shan't meet—duced sorry.'

"I wasn't sorry, but I didn't tell him so, as I hate to wound people's feelings. We parted, he went North and I West. It was uncommonly jolly at the Evelyns; they are a very nice set, and some Welsh girls were staying there, who prepossessed me very much in favor of the principality. I had been there about a week when one morning at breakfast some one remarked, 'To-day Madgie Tudor comes!'

"'And who's Madgie Tudor?' I inquired, whereupon the whole pack opened upon me at once, describing all Madgie Tudor's acquirements, abilities, charms, mental and physical, 'the sweetest and most perfect darling of an angel that ever existed.' I need hardly say that this speaker was a young lady. In short, Madgie Tudor appeared to be that wonder among women, a woman admired at all points, and yet loved by her own sex.

"You may imagine I was rather impatient to behold this wonderful being. It was a wet day, and most of us were lounging disconsolately in the morning room, lamenting over the damper put upon our out-of-door plans by the weather, when the door opened, and a quiet figure dressed in something dark—purple I think,—entered and looked around, as if seeking familiar faces. For a minute no one noticed her, and then, by the sudden rush toward her of all the girls and the rapturous, 'Oh, Madgie!' 'darling duck!' 'sweet pet,' &c., and the amount of kissing that ensued, I knew this must be Miss Madgie Tudor. A few minutes after I was introduced to her, and my first feeling was one of disappointment. I had expected some marvelous beauty, and at first sight thought Miss Tudor rather insignificant looking; but Bertie, old fellow, I soon changed my mind. Before she had been in the house three days I got to know that there could be nothing on earth half so sweet as her heavenly, dark gray eyes, so calm, so tender; and yet they could laugh like no others I ever saw. And then her lovely head and masses of golden-brown hair, and her sweet little deft ways! She was full of fun, too, and kept the whole house alive—she's just the dearest girl!

"But I must be boring you awfully, old boy," continued Lancelot; "of course, you don't care to hear all this. Anyhow, before I had known her a week I was a gone coon, and knew it. I won't bore you with a circumstantial account of my feelings during that fortnight, but at last I made up my mind that I would ask her to be my wife.

"There was a dance on the last night before we all dispersed, and during the evening Miss Tudor and I found ourselves alone in the conservatory. We had been talking and laughing, but suddenly she seemed to get nervous—I suppose because I got confused and stopped talking—and began twisting her fingers in and out of the chain which suspended a locket round her white neck—a trick she had. I felt very queer, and my heart was bumping up against my waistcoat violently, for I felt the longed-for moment had come. I tried to put my thoughts into words, but could find none, and all the time I was mechanically gazing at her locket, and found myself repeating in an idiotic way, 'Seven turquoises, eight pearls; seven turquoises, eight pearls.' At last I summoned up all my courage, and, mentally calling myself a great fool, I began to speak.

"I don't know now what I said, or how I said it: I only know that Miss Tudor stood quite silent with a tiny bit of a smile trembling on her lips, and then she raised her hand, and put it, with the rose it held, into mine. For one brief instant the golden head rested on my shoulder, and the sweet lips were mine, and then she was gone like a sprite, and I was alone, dreaming over the rose she had given me.

"Late that night I received a telegram, recalling me instantly to London, and' leaving a hurried note for my darling, I left by the first train. When I arrived I was met by my servant, who told me that my brother—that's Charley, you know—was lying dangerously ill at my rooms. The foolish boy had got himself into some scrape at Nice, and had challenged a Frenchman—or a Frenchman had challenged him—I rather think the latter; they met, Charley wounded his man severely, and himself received a wound, which though slight in itself, became aggravated by his traveling day and night to escape French justice. what with this, and the dread of having killed his adversary, (who I believed recovered,) the poor fellow was just able to reach London, when he was struck down with brain fever.

"You know how dear my brother is to me—you can understand what I felt. For the moment even Madgie was forgotten; but only for a moment. As soon as I could think calmly at all I wrote to her. Her sweet letters brightened the gloom of the sick room, to which I was for several weeks almost constantly confined, for Charley's state was too critical to allow of my leaving him, and at times I have almost heard her voice, when reading the tender words she wrote to me, as my betrothed wife.

"At last Charley's illness took a favorable turn, and I was able to leave him for an hour or two daily. I used to take long walks—they never seemed long, though, for Madgie's face was always before me, and her image ever present, wherever I went.

"One day towards the end of November, I was taking my usual constitutional in rather a depressed frame of mind, for a week had elapsed without my receiving a letter from Madgie, and I was beginning to get anxious, when I ran against Littleby Lupus, close to his own door. He pounced upon me at once, and dragged me up to his rooms, where I had to submit to having my hand nearly shaken off, with sundry other manifestations of his delight at seeing me again. He was smarter and more of a snob than ever, I thought; and I inwardly consigned him to very warm quarters for breaking in upon my meditations about my darling.

"As usual, before long out came his jewel case, and he displayed with pride several new acquisitions. All of a sudden the scene in the conservatory at Tynywtra rushed upon my recollection with a vividness that startled me, and I found myself repeating 'Seven turquoises, eight pearls.' I was staring hard at a locket, lying in a corner by itself. It was—no, it could not be—it must be an accidental resemblance—no—there was a dark spot on the third turquoise and the chipped pearl where the two horse-shoes formed the pattern interlaced. I could not believe my eyes. How came Madgie Tudor's locket in the possession of Littleby Lupus?

"Lupus had been chattering on all the time, and I seemed to awake from a trance to hear him say, 'And then, I went down after all to ——shire, where you were, you know; hoped I should see you, but didn't: awfuly jolly place—lots of nice girls.'

"'Lupus,' said I suddenly, 'where did you get that locket?'

"Lupus coughed, stammered, and said mincingly, "Well, my dear fellow, I think you will guess where I got it when I show you the inside; but you must—ahem!—promise not to ask any more questions, or say anything about it anywhere—as—ahem! we wish to—to—(the fellow actually blushed) to keep it dark a little longer; there's some—a—confounded other fellow, I believe, who,—'

"'Let me see it!' I said sternly; but the fellow was too wrapt up in himself to notice my tone. Smirking like an idiot, the wretch opened the locket, and there—yes, there was my Madgie's portrait!

"By a powerful effort I mastered my emotion, and wishing Lupus good-day quite coolly, I dashed away on pretense of a remembered appointment.

"Bertie, I cannot tell you my despair. It was not alone the feeling that her heart was not, could never have been mine, despite all her loving words and pretty, guileless vows, but that my idol, my goddess, whom I reverenced and whorshipped as something so infinitely pure and good, should become so degraded in my eyes—should fall from her high estate so suddenly, into such depths as to love a man like Lupus—or if she did not love him, to sell herself for a little more gold than I possessed; it was maddening!

"My first impulse was to rush down to Tynywtra and accuse her—crush her with the weight of my contempt and indignation; and I obeyed it. In the train, however, calmer thoughts came; I felt too, that I could not bear to face her—I loved her too dearly to see her humiliated, for I still believed well enough of her to think that she was not so lost to all sense of right as to feel herself justified in her treachery. I determined then that I would return to town by the next train, without having seen her, and would write to her from London.

"I left the railway station and sauntered through the darkening streets of the little country town near Tynywtra, for I was too heart sick to remain in any one place, and gazed listlessly into the shop windows, trying to pass the time away before the arrival of the up-train. I was looking in mechanically at one large book-seller's window, when suddenly my heart almost stopped beating, and I stamped savagely on the pavement. Inside the shop, with the wonderful golden-brown hair and deep gray eyes lit up by the flaring gas-light, stood my faithless love, smiling with the old sweet smile, in answer to a remark of a lady who stood near. I glared at her with burning eyes, and took in every detail of her appearance with a sort of hungry rage, for I felt sure that I was looking at her for the last time. Her purple velvet dress, her costly furs,—her dainty hat—how the purple shadows melted on her golden hair! At last she turned full towards a lamp on the counter, and then I saw what made me rush from the window like a man pursued by Furies: suspended round her neck, and resting on her bosom, was a locket—a gold locket, with L. L., large initials in blue enamel, on it. I had seen it scores of times hanging to Littleby Lupus' watch-chain; and now I had no doubt—could have none—of Madgie's treachery.

"How I reached London I don't know. I only know that I wrote a cold, stern, and decisive letter to Magdalen Tudor, bidding her an eternal farewell, and leaving the rest to her conscience, concluding with a wish that she might be happy with the object of her choice; the whole composition giving about as much idea of the passions seething and scorching in my heart as a glacier world of the interior of Vesuvius.

"Charlie and I went abroad as soon as he was strong enough, and I tried to forget Magdalen Tudor; but I did not succeed. Bertie. I returned after nearly a year's absence, nearly as heart-sick and hopeless as when I left England. At last I thought I would go down and stay with my mother in Devonshire for a little while. The dear old lady was delighted to have me with her again after our long separation, and some of the peace of childhood seemed to fall upon me again in the old haunts. I used to help my mother in her little business affairs, write her letters, &c., and was rewarded for this by being petted as only a mother can pet a grown up son.

"One day my mother said to me, 'Lancelot, my dear, I want you to write to the *Queen* for me.'

"'My dear mother, what on earth about?' said I, considerably mistified, and not understanding what possible inducement my mother could have to commence a correspondence with her gracious majesty.

"'Yes, my dear, she went on, 'I want to exchange my garnet ornaments—they're so old fashioned, you know—for a silver chockolate kettle.'

"'But, mother!' said I.

"'There's the address, dear. The *Queen*, the ladies' newspaper.'

"'O—o—oh! I see now. But how can you get the *Queen* to give you a chockolate kettle in exchange for the garnets?'

"'Here's one of the papers; look down that column—the exchange and Mart—and you'll soon see what I mean.'

"I did look; and I saw that Lotta wanted a black lace shawl in exchange for an Angora kitten; that Tom-tom had a pair of lively rattlesnakes for which he wished to obtain a good flute; that Carry wanted the 'Take Back Heart,' in exchange for 'Bach's Twenty-first Prelude and Fugue;' that monograms, stamps and eccentrics were in general request; that a baby's coral and bells was considered an equivalent for a silver biscuit-box; that Minnie would give a bracelet for an onyx necklace, and a pearl comb for a gilt locket; that a Wolf wanted to exchange a double horse-shoe locket, seven turquoises and eight pearls, one pearl slightly—ah! what! Good Heaven! what does this mean? And I started up and alarmed my mother by suddenly waking her from a slight doze.

"For heavens's sake, mother, have you the *Queens* for last year's November?' I exclaimed.

"'Yes, my dear boy,' said mother; you'll find them all on the top shelf of the cupboard to the left of the blue-room fire-place.'

"I darted up stairs, a wild supposition had flashed like lightning through my brain; but it was too visionary—there was no chance it would prove true. Nevertheless I sought and found with feverish haste the *Queens* of the preceding year's November. I glanced down the columns of the Exchange and Mart, hoping, I scarcely knew what, yet laughing myself to scorn for a weak-headed fool for so doing. Suddenly I felt as if a blow had been dealt me—I looked again, and saw 'A large gold locket, with initials L. L. in blue enamel; would be glad to take other jewelry in exchange.—Wolf.'

"For the moment my thoughts were indescribably elastic and confused: then the heavy clouds, as it were, rolled away from my understanding, and the whole affair became clear to me. Who could 'Wolf' be but Lupus?——

"Thirsting to obtain convincing proof of my suspicions, I left the *Queens* strewn in wild disorder on the floor, and rushed down stairs.

"'Mother, said I 'I'm off to London—business—good-bye.'

"Another moment and I was walking like a madman to the station. As I had expected, I just caught the up-train. On my arrival in town I ascertained his address and drove straight thither. I rang the bell and asked if he was at home. The man who answered the bell stood staring stupidly at my excited manner; I overturned him and rushed into the sitting room. Lupus was smoking, and reading a French novel.

"'Lupus,' I said, trembling all over with excitement, 'Lupus, tell me the real, honest truth; where did you get that locket with the—girl's portrait?'

"Lupus looked as if he saw a ghost; we had neither seen nor heard anything of each other for a year, remember, and now I burst upon him in this unexpected manner.

"'Why, what locket?' said he—'what d'ye mean?'

"'You know well enough, sir; a locket with a turquoise and pearl horse-shoe! Answer me, directly, you cur,' I screamed, in a burst of fury, 'or I'll shake you to atoms!'

"I had no business to get into such a rage, but I had been over-wrought. I gripped him by the collar, and gave him a little premonitory shiver.

"'Oh, don't, don't, and I'll tell you all about it; I will, indeed,' said the wretch, trembling.

"'Speak, then at once,' I roared, shaking him again.

"'I—I wanted some different jewelry,' he replied, breathlessly; 'and so—oh!—I advertised in the *Queen* about my—my locket with L. L. on it, and—oh, don't!—I got a letter from a girl who signed herself White Rose, and she wanted an L. L., and would send a locket in exchange; and so she—oh, confound it!—sent that one, and I suppose she for—forgot to take the portrait out, and it was so pretty that I left it in; and I told you a confounded lie about it. And that's all I know; really not any more if you were to shake me all night.'

"'You mean puppy!—you little know the harm,' I exclaimed; and after giving him a last shake, and a fling which sent him to the farthest corner of the room, I left him.

"I wrote off at once to Miss Evelyn, and told her, as I knew her to be a good woman, and a warm friend of mine, all about it, and begged her to ask Madgie to Tynywtra, and use her influence in my behalf. She did ask her to Tynywtra, and used her influence so well that in a week I was asked to Tynywtra too.

"It was all as I had thought,—my darling Madgie had not been able to resist the temptation of wearing a locket with my initials upon it,—so she told me; and she had quite forgotten having put one of her own photos into the horse-shoe locket to fill it up. The silence which had disquieted me arose from an accident to the mail cart.

"And next week, Bertie, old boy, we are to be married!" he concluded, with a joyous burst of laughter.

"And may Heaven bless you, Lancelot, and your wife Madgie!" I returned warmly.

Life.—He who attempts to compress three lives in one will inevitably experience a failure. He who tries to live in the past and future merely vegetates in the present. The true idea is to live in the present for the future, inasmuch as the present becomes the future between the inspiration and expiration of each breath.

There are those who are continually dwelling in the past, contemplating the merits or the wealth of distinguished and extinguished ancestors, or the fortunes they have lost by not having acquired them when they had an opportunity, &c. Then there is another class, who avoid retrospection to escape unpleasant reminiscences, and they neglect the duties of the woes or joys, failures or successes of the future. From all which we make the following deduction: Attend to present duties, industriously, intelligently and religiously, and the past may be forgot'on and the future trusted.

The Grandmother.

[From the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen.]

Grandmamma is so old, she has so many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes shine like two stars. Yes, they are much more beautiful; they are so mild, so blessed to look into. And she can tell the most delightful stories, and she has a dress of thick silk that rustles; it is covered with large flowers.

Grandmamma knows so, much for she lived long before papa and mamma, that is certain. Grandmamma has a psalm-book, with thick silver clasps, and she reads in it often; in it there lies a rose; it is quite pressed and dry; it is not so fine as the roses she has in the vase, and yet she always smiles most kindly at it; there even come tears in her eyes. How can it be that Grandmamma looks always so fondly upon the wretched rose in the old book? Do you know? Each time that grandmamma's tears fall upon the flower, its color revives, it freshens again, and the whole room is filled with the scent of it; the walls disappear as though they were only fog, and all around is the green, beautiful wood, with the sun shining through the leaves, and grandmamma—yes, she is quite young! she is a beautiful girl with golden locks and blooming cheeks, engaging and lovely; no rose is more fresh; yet the eyes, the mild, blessed eyes, they are still grandmamma's. By her side is seated a youth—so young, handsome, and strong! He offers her the rose, and she smiles—but not thus smiles grandmamma! Yes!—the smile comes. He is gone; many thoughts and many forms pass by; the handsome youth is gone, the rose lies in the psalm-book, and grandmamma—yes, there she sits again, as an old lady, gazing at the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now grandmamma is dead. She sat in the easy-chair, and told a long, long delightful story. "And now it is over," she said, "and I am quite weary; let me sleep a little." Then she lay back, drew a heavy sigh, and slept; but it became more and more still, and her face was so full of peace and joy, and it was as if the sun shone it it; then they said she was dead.

She was laid in a black coffin, enshrouded in pure white linen; she looked so beautiful, and yet her eyes were closed. But all the wrinkes were gone; a sweet smile played on her mouth; her hair was so silvery white, so honorable, no one ould be afraid to look at her it was still the same, benign, kind grandmamma. And the psalm-book was laid under her head, as she herself had desired, and the rose lay in the old book; and so they buried her.

On her grave, close under the church-wall, they planted a rose-tree, and it stood full of blossoms; the nightingale sang over it, and from within the church the organ played the most beautiful psalms in the book that lay under her. And the moon shown right down upon the grave; but the dead one was not there; every child could fearlessly go there at night, and pluck a rose, there by the churchyard wall.

One that is dead knows more than all we living know: the dead knows the dread we should feel at anything so strange as that they should come to us; the dead are better than we all, and so they do not come. There is earth over the coffin, there is earth in it. The psalm-book with leaves is dust, the rose with all its associations has crumbled into dust; but above, fresh roses bloom—above the nightingale sings, and the organ plays; one thinks of the old grandmother, with the mild eyes, ever young.

Eyes can never die! Ours shall one day see her, young and beautiful, as when, for the first time, she kissed the fresh red rose that lieth now dust in the grave.

A Tender Conscience.

A good example of a morbidly tender conscience, as well as one wholly impervious to a conviction of wrong, is afforded in the story of a hatter and blacksmith, who were members of the same church. The latter, who was a thoroughly pious man, arose one day in a conference meeting to tell of the enjoyment he experienced in communion with God, in which delightful duty he spent an hour in the middle of each day. "Try it, brethren," said he, "you will be richly repaid for the loss of time in your business, and do not allow yourselves to be interrupted by any calls to business. Why, when I was thus engaged, I would not lose my devotions even if I knew I were losing the sale of a hat—that is," he added, after a moment's pause, "a wool hat." The blacksmith, unlike the hatter, never troubled himself to make corrections. On the contrary, his crying sin was that of exaggeration. His deeds of valor were no less remarkable than Sir John Falstaff, and the enemies whom he disputed in battle often increased in the same ratio as those of the hero of Gad's Hill. The brethren of the church, pained by the reproach which these marvelous stories seemed to bring on his profession, resolved to call a meeting, invite the offending brother to be present, and in a delicate way, hint to him that he was doing much harm to the cause of religion. A number of indirect allusions producing no effect on the blacksmith, the hatter rose and said he should be under the painful necessity of being personal, and would unwillingly say he referred to the brother in pew No. 4. "Brethren," said our friend of the anvil, slowly rising and looking about him with tears in his eyes, "It must be that you a lude to me. I acknowledge my fault, and thank you for your kind interest in me; but, brethren, *pity me, for I have shed barrels of tears over that very sin.*"

The silver statue of Napoleon I, which had disappeared from the Tuileries, and which half a dozen people have been accused of stealing, has been found. It was in an underground passage of the old Louvre, with other objects of art, and has been dug up in perfect condition. The well-known group representing the Prince Imperial playing with Nero—a favorite dog—has also been discovered in a similar spot.

Pleasant Homes.

As we travel through the country we have nothing to regret so much as the almost entire want of home embellishments, such as shrub, vines and climbers, lawns, evergreens and shade trees. There is nothing in nature so refining to man as to be surrounded at home with these beauties, most of which are within the reach of every one who is able to own real estate. How lamentably true it is that not over one in twenty of all our farmers throughout the country but are almost destitute of anything deserving the name of ornamentation about their dwellings, and still more, are destitute of either lawn or pleasure grounds. If a farmer should devote an acre of land to lawn and pleasure grounds judiciously, but rather sparingly planted with evergreens, interspersed with a few cherries, pears, Siberian crabs, or deciduous ornamental trees, and also a few flowering shrubs and vines, such an acre would soon be worth any other ten acres on the farm. Children all love flowers and ornamental shrubbery, and above all, they love a beautiful grass plat or lawn for a play-ground, where toil and labor can be dismissed, and recreation and true enjoyment drawn into their fill. It requires little to induce children to learn to love to decorate home. Give them the opportunity, and with but little outlay, they will increase the value of that acre one hundred fold. When shrubbery and evergeens are once planted, they will need good culture for a few years, and after they get a good start, the plat may be laid into blue grass, and soon a beautiful grass plat and shady lawn will bless the entire household for all their labor and expense. Compare this picture with the bleak, bare grounds of nine-tenths of all our farmers' homes, and we should think it would need no argument to convince all.

Death.

Heavens! what a moment must be that when the last flutter expires on our lips! What a change! Tell me ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new world are we born? Whither has that spark, that unseen, that incomprehensible intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you! That was but a shell, a gross earthly covering, which held the immortal essence that has now left us, left no range perhaps though illimitable space; new powers of conception, new glories of beautitude! Ten thousand fancies rush into the mind as it completes the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imaginations, hopes and fears; it is the consumation that clears up all mystery—solves all doubts—which removes contradiction and destroys errors. Great God! What a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul. The unclouded brightness of the celestial region—the solemn secrets of nature may then be divulged; the immediate unity of the past and the present, forms of imperishable beauty, may then suddenly disclose themselves, bursted upon the delighted senses, and bathing them in immeasurable bliss.

What Vaccination Has Done.

Through the increase of intelligence three great diseases, the Oriental plague, the scurvy, and the small-pox, a contemporary says, "have been comparatively consigned to the past." With regard to the latter disease, it is hard to imagine its destructive virulence in old times. Its average annual death rates seventy years ago, in countries where it was most closely observed, was about 3,000 to 1,000,000 of population, and nearly one-tenth of all who died, died of this disease. What vaccination has effected may be inferred from the fact that in Copenhagen, in twelve years before the introduction of vaccination, 5,500 died of small-pox; from the year 1802 to 1818, a period of sixteen years after vaccination had been compulsory, only 158 persons died of small-pox over the whole Kingdom of Denmark, out of a population of 2,000,000.

A citizen of Connecticut got mad last year because the street railway in his town raised its fare from six to seven cents, and in protest against its extortion vowed he would go afoot to his place of business—about a mile—and back, and deposit the fare he would have paid in a little box at home. Accordingly he has put seven cents before starting out, and seven more on returning. His year was up the other day, and he opened the box. He found in it $109,20, which he deposited in the savings bank.—Besides, he finds his health so much improved by his exercise that he says seven cents is cheap enough for the privilege of walking a mile. What a grand thing it would be if the cigar dealers would turn extortioners and induce a similar indignation-economy among their patrons!

Keeping Apples.—As the method to be given has proved good with me, it is commened with confidence to all: Gather or harvest the fruit a week or ten days in advance of the usual time, and place it in a moderately cool place where the temperature ranges from 50 deg. to 60 deg., and let it remain undisturned for two or even three weeks, and at *any time* after the "sweating" is *over*, carefully assort the fruit and select the best for observation. Wrap each apple in thin or newspaper, and pack in an *air tight* box, which can be so made by covering any moderately tight box on the out or inside with paper. Put on the cover and place the box in a dry place beyond the reach of frost or apple-loving child.

On a recent evening, as some young people near Rocky Mount, Georgia, were taking a walk, one young lady, having a small switch in her hand, struck a young man who happened to have a copper cartridge in his pocket, which exploded, the ball lodging in the knee of the lady, prodpeing a painful and dangerous wound.